

# The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. VI.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, NOVEMBER 29, 1869.

NO. 37.

## POST-OFFICE ADDRESS:

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

## TERMS:

Free to all. Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

**Special Notice.**—While we are very ready to send THE CIRCULAR to all who apply for it, we do not like to take the responsibility (which has sometimes been imposed upon us) of sending it to those who have not asked for it, and perhaps do not desire it. For this reason, persons should in no case request us to enter the names of their friends on our subscription-list, unless they can give us assurance that such requests have been authorized by the friends named.

## TRUE LOVE.

[By J. H. N., June, 1842.]

AS love is that which the law requires, so it is that which the gospel produces. It is the distinguishing mark of Christianity—the test by which God's children know themselves and each other. John 13: 35, 1 John 3: 14. We gather from the Bible the following description of it:

1. "*Love is of God*;"—it is "*the fruit of the Spirit*;"—it is "*shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost*." By this we understand, that the quality of *spirit* properly called love, which is back of all external acts, is not produced by mere outward motives operating on our understandings and susceptibilities—is not manufactured by the workings of our own wills, but is an infusion of the divine nature. "God is love:" his Spirit possesses the loving quality in perfection. That loving quality is communicated to our spirits when we receive the Holy Ghost. Thus love—the fulfilling of the law—the robe of righteousness—is literally, not figuratively, the gift of God. As the water of the stream is identical with the water of the fountain, so love in us, is identical with the love of God. 1 John 4: 7—13.

2. "The breadth, and length, and height, and depth," of the love of God, is manifested in the *cross of Christ*. There perfect love acted itself out in the circumstances of our nature: the fountain poured forth its treasures into the human channel. We must refer to this manifestation, as the *measure and sample* of the love which is given to us by the communication of the divine nature. The *strength* of Christ's love is shown by the fact that he deliberately sacrificed his life for the church: and its *purity*, by the fact that the object of the sacrifice was not his own immediate gratification, but "that he might *sanctify and cleanse* the church; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, *not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing*." Lest any should think that the sacrifice of

Christ is the measure and sample of the love we ought to exercise toward mankind at large, but is not the sort which is appropriate between the sexes, Paul expressly says, "*Husbands, love yours wives, even as Christ loved the church*," and then he goes on to define the love of Christ, in the words above quoted. Eph. 5: 25—27. From which we infer, that all sexual love (as well as every other form of affection) which seeks primarily its own pleasure, is spurious; that true love in us as in Christ, whether sexual or general, is strong enough to encounter death, and pure enough to seek with a single eye, the holiness of its object.

3. True love between the children of God is excited and developed by a motive similar to that which produces ordinary *family affection*. "Every one that loveth him that begat, loveth also him that is begotten of him." 1 John. 5: 1. The exciting cause is not sexuality, or any other external quality, but the fact that the parties have one Father, and of course, one life. The sons and daughters of God, must have even a stronger sense of their blood-relationship than ordinary brothers and sisters; because the Spirit of the Father, by which they are begotten, is their abiding Comforter, always renewing their consciousness of unity with him and with each other. Marriage, in the world, requires a man to "*leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife*." But the sons and daughters of God can never leave *their* Father and mother. Of course the paramount sexual affection, required by the law of marriage, can have no place among them. They live as children with their Father forever, and the paramount affection of the household is not sexual, but *brotherly* love—an affection that grows directly out of the common relationship to the Father, and of course is as universal as that relationship, and as appropriate between male and male, as between male and female. This affection as it exists between the different sexes, is necessarily unlimited as to number. A brother may love ten sisters, or a sister ten brothers, according to the customs of the world. The exclusiveness of marriage does not enter the family circle. But heaven is a family circle; and when we say that brotherly love is the *paramount* affection of that circle, we mean that it takes the place of supremacy which the matrimonial affection occupies in this world; it is that by which the members of God's family are brought into the closest possible union; that which controls and directs the sexual as well as every other subordinate affec-

tion. For this reason there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in the resurrection. Marriage makes of "*twain one flesh*," but the brotherly love of heaven, makes of *all one spirit*. The unity of *all* God's family is described in Christ's prayer (John 17: 21—23), as far more complete than any that earthly imaginations conceive of as existing in the conjugal relation. It is the very same unity that exists between the Father and the Son—the *indwelling* unity, life within life—"I in them and thou in me."

4. True love is *eternal*. It is the reciprocal affection of the sons and daughters of Him whose life is eternal. It is love between *souls*, and souls redeemed are immortal. It cannot exist between those whose souls are dead. It is found only in the resurrection. "We are begotten *by the resurrection of Christ*," "unto unfeigned love of the bretheren." 1 Pet. 1: 3, 22. Attachments which death can dissolve, must necessarily be of small account with those whose hearts are in heaven. Marriage binds only for this life. It is not therefore a cement of much value, to him who is building for eternity. "It remaineth, that they that have wives be [as to their affections] as though they had none." "Let the dead bury their dead." The sons of God are called to the everlasting attachments of the resurrection.

It must be borne in mind that the most potent antagonist of true love is not open hatred, but *false* love. For this reason, we feel bound to bring into contrast, the true love of the children of God, and the false love engendered by the marriage institutions of the world. As mere *worldly* moralists, we might commend marriage; for we believe the concentration of affections which it encourages, is incomparably better than the vacillating barrenness of the libertine and the coquette: but as *spiritual* moralists, as expectants of the marriage supper of the Lamb, we must esteem and commend brotherly love, as better than marriage.

## IS COMMUNISM THE GRAVE OF LIBERTY?

FAMILY TALK, W. C., NOV. 15, 1869.

A.—The question has been proposed for discussion to-night, How does Communism affect the liberty of the individual? What thoughts upon this subject have those present?

G.—There is one way in which I can see that the Community pinches the individual. We are all so interlocked, and organized, that the movements of one affect the working of the whole,

and the consequence is, individuals are restricted from the idle, purposeless kind of movement which they are free to have elsewhere. In the world outside if a young man wants to spend the evening at the tavern, or have a "spree," he does it and no one questions him about it. We could not do that if we wanted to, because it would disturb and affect the working of the whole family every way, both in its business, and spiritually. There has been a certain surrender, a compromise made by which we gave up the liberty of moving in an idle, unprofitable way; and, too, we have given up the liberty of selfish possession, of grabbing a thing to hold it as our own. Those are about the only two things in which I can see that Communism pinches individual liberty. Then on the other hand, Communism enlarges the liberty of the individual in improvement—his liberty of love, and his liberty of education. The liberty of developing in all directions appears to be encouraged by Communism, with those two exceptions. I suppose the lust for moving about in a free, irresponsible way—going as the wind goes, with no one to say why—is a relic of barbarism which does not belong to high civilization; and that there will be nothing found in Communism incompatible with the greatest liberty for the civilized passions.

W.—It seems to me that Communism is simply carrying the liberty of modern civilization a little farther. The fact is that in the progress of civilization people have had to give up a certain amount of the individual liberty they formerly possessed. For instance, in the feudal times the barons could go out and rob and murder whom they pleased. But in the organization of modern civilization that liberty had to be given up; and in the place of it we have something a great deal better. No one will say that there is not more liberty now than when individuals had that freedom. Communism requires something of the same giving up of individual liberty for a greater good.

H.—I suppose that during the time the slave-trade was at its height, the father of a well-ordered African family might have said to his children, "You must not go across this river, for if you do the kidnappers will have you." The children would doubtless think it a hardship to be so confined; but the father, knowing what a loss of liberty they would suffer if they should be caught by the kidnappers, would by this slight restraint, really ensure their freedom. It seems to me that the restraint we have in the Community is of that kind; that the limitation put upon our liberty really saves us from a lower kind of slavery. I think it can be said of liberty as it is said of goodness, that there is only one liberty in the world, and that is God's liberty. There is no one in the universe free but God; and anything aside from God's liberty is a humbug and a sham. I know this, that as long as I have a sense of isolation and separate individuality, I am constantly feeling limitations. When I am working from my own center I feel that I am enslaved in a great many ways; I am conscious of chains and limitations; but as soon as I come into a sense of unity with God, a new feeling comes upon me and it seems as though I had his liberty. Then I have liberty of thought, and the control of my

attention. There is no bondage like bondage of the attention.

A.—The spirit of the Community has freed me from a slavish reference to the opinion of those around me, which was once a great bondage. I am free to have reference to God as I never was before.

M.—I have a great sense of the freedom we women have in regard to dress, being able to dress as we like without bondage to fashion.

N.—It is evident that living beings limit each other. Existing independently, and separate from each other, the liberty of the one becomes the bondage of the other. If the feudal barons had the liberty to riot and rob, it was bondage of the worst kind to somebody else. Finally, the lower classes whom they abused, rose against them and got their liberty; thus limiting the liberty of the robbers. That is the principle which exists through all life. The pickerel exercises his liberty in eating the shiner; and the shiner would be glad to starve the pickerel if he could; and so on through all existences. The liberty of one is the bondage of the other, and the bondage of one is the liberty of the other. Well, that being the necessary, universal principle of life, it is evident that the way for us to obtain the largest amount of liberty is to get into union with, and lose our individuality in, the strongest and largest amount of active force there is in the universe. There are two great forces, God and the devil. One loves righteousness, and the other hates righteousness, and they limit each other. Just so far as God prevails he brings the devil into bondage; and just so far as the devil prevails he brings God into bondage. Darkness supplants light and light supplants darkness. The two are opposed, and they resist and enslave each other as far as they get into the same field. The question is, which of these two forces had we better join to get our liberty. It is all a question of force and strength. It is not entirely a question of right. I think myself, that God is the stronger, and if we join him we shall get the most liberty. The first thing to bear in mind is, that liberty is in the spirit. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." The object of all discipline and teaching, and restraint and criticism that seems to take away liberty, is, as far as God is concerned, undoubtedly designed to bring us into his spirit and so give us the liberty of his spirit. The process seems like bondage, but the end is liberty. We may illustrate it in this way; an infant is not able to feed itself at all. In that respect it is in great bondage. If we were perfectly helpless and unable to feed ourselves, we should consider ourselves under limits and restriction. That is the case with the infant, and the mother has to feed it. The mother feeds the child for the sake of making it grow until it can feed itself. All the restraining influence the mother exercises over the child is to bring it into a state where it can take care of itself. That is God's object in regard to us. He will control us until he can teach us to control ourselves, and then we are free. He will criticise us until we learn to criticise ourselves. That is the necessity of the case. There is no way to get liberty but to have some one like a mother to prepare us for it. It is a mother's mercy to criti-

cise us and control us until we can do it for ourselves. That is the discipline that is going on with us individually; and if we can understand it we shall thank God for it, as we know a child ought to thank its mother for feeding it until it can feed itself. I know in my own heart and soul that the only object I have in criticising people, or limiting their liberty, is simply to help them to criticise themselves and control themselves until they can get liberty by union with God's spirit. And I do as I would be done by in this respect. I pray God every day to handle me in that way—to criticise me until I can thoroughly criticise myself, and control me until I can control myself. I want God to do this for me; and I know it is a mercy for me to do it for other folks in my sphere so far as they need it. The end of it all is liberty, perfect liberty, and the only liberty that is possible. It is *present* restraint for the sake of final, perfect liberty. I believe that is the formula of God's dealings with us.

H.—The liberty that comes through the spirit of God is nothing more nor less than freedom to do right; and that is the highest kind of liberty.

G.—I think it will be found that our liberty is measured by our enthusiasm. For that reason I expect to see the Community the most enthusiastic body of people that ever existed. If a man feels perfectly free, he is quite apt to be enthusiastic.

E.—Is enthusiasm the result of liberty?

N.—You must go into the doctrine of forces to get the answer to that question. What is liberty, strictly defined? It is motion, is it not? When our life has free, natural motion, it has liberty; and when our life is cramped by some other life, or by our own flesh—by obstructions we have introduced into our organization—then we are in bondage. Freedom of motion is liberty.

E.—I know I have gained new freedom of motion in being saved from idolatrous love. I have gained freedom of thought that I never had before.

N.—It is a terrible bondage to have the passions in such a state that you are compelled to think in a direction contrary to your will. That is the beginning of insanity. It may be called liberty, but it is the liberty of one passion to enslave the whole mind.

W.—The question between Communism and isolation will sometime be solved by a comparison of facts. If the Community system, on the whole, turns out the best men, it will prove itself to be a system of liberty. People will not inquire into this or that particular thing, whether a man in the Community has more liberty to go here or there, or do this or that, but whether the Community turns out better men, spiritually, intellectually, and morally considered.

N.—To illustrate this principle; a boat-crew, while under training, are under great restrictions, and in one sense, unmitigated bondage. Their habits must be regular, they must eat only so much, and they must work by rule; but the real object of their training is to give them perfect liberty of body—to get them into a state where their life is in a high condition of buoyancy and freedom. Their restrictions and

rules are to produce liberty. Well, that is true of *all* proper restrictions. Education is restriction. Our boys who go to college have to walk by rule and toe the mark. They are under severe drill. What is it for? If it is something that terminates in itself, or is for the benefit of some one else, it is bondage, it is real slavery; but if it terminates in giving them freedom of mind, and developing their intellects, then it is a process of emancipation instead of bondage.

H.—The freedom from care which we have in the Community, is important; especially the freedom we have from financial care. Very few of us have any care about finances; whereas in isolation the bread-and-butter question is before folks from morning till night. Our students will have a great advantage for pursuing science, out of college as well as in. They are not tied hand and foot by family responsibilities. Prof. B. admitted that our system affords great opportunity to a scientific man. That was about the only good thing he would admit in Communism.

E.—This reminds me of a conversation which G. and I overheard while on the cars the other day. It was between two Connecticut Yankees who had met for the first time, but were giving each other detailed accounts of their every-day life. One said: "I never git eout. I work in C. C. & Co's. mill in M——; *and when that runs, I run.* Git up at five o'clock, git my breakfast, stay to the mill all day, come home and git my tea, then go right down to my store and tend to business there till eleven o'clock, and git to bed between eleven and twelve. I don't git no time to git eout." The other one said, "Wal, you're a perfect slave. Now I used to do like that. Kept a retail store, and worked seventeen hours a day—up early and late. Did'n't git no time to see my family. Fact, I wa'n't hardly acquainted with my own wife. One night I got to thinking, and says I to myself, What a great fool I am! and I made up my mind to cut the thing square off. I closed up my store and got into business as an agent, and now I enjoy life just as much as ever a man did in this world; and make four times as much money."

W.—It seems to be very difficult for people to think we are at liberty, and at the same time under a certain amount of restraint. But it is just on the principle which everywhere prevails. A man goes to West Point of his own free will. No one thinks he is less free than before, though he is subject to rules and discipline. And so a man goes to college and puts himself into an organization and submits to rules, but he still has his freedom. He submits to discipline by virtue of his liberty; and we po just the same.

N.—We don't want liberty to make jackasses of ourselves. I would not have long ears if I could.

G.—Who of us doubts that our particular fancies, whatever they are, have been gratified in the Community more than they would have been in private circumstances?

N.—We must finally ask the great question that Christ asked, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." That is the final balance. What shall it profit a man if he gain all the liberty his imagination can picture to itself, which is the

same thing as gaining the whole world, and go to hell at last? It is a question of profit. We hear of toads being found in solid rock, where they have been for hundreds of years. I pray God to put me in such a place as that, and keep me there millions of years rather than let me go to hell. I am willing to go without liberty any length of time to save my soul.

### THE ONEIDAS.

BY S. H. R.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

"A noble race! but they are gone,  
With their old forests wide and deep,  
And we have built our homes upon  
Fields where their generations sleep."

Here stands a massive brick mansion, flanked by a battlemented tower, which let us ascend and glance at the surrounding landscape. To the south extends a broad and fertile valley, dotted with hamlets and farm-houses, brightened by a rapid stream that in its wanderings turns many a busy wheel, and enlivened by the din of rattling trains and snorting engines along the railroad now approaching completion. Westward the prospect is limited by the enclosing hill, a straight and almost unbroken ridge, covered here and there with patches of forest between the rich dairy-farms stretching from summit to base; and east, by a winding, broken chain of elongated and cone-shaped eminences from three to six hundred feet in height. Toward the north the valley spreads out like a fan, and the hills melt away into a level region, specked with thriving towns and intersected by highways and railroads that send their arterial pulse-beats of commercial life through the country. Still farther north lies a beautiful lake, into which the stream pours its waters, and beyond which frowns a dark ever-green forest. As the vision narrows to our immediate vicinity we see a fair domain of fields, gardens, orchards, shrubs and lawns, with many a nook where the eye lingers with delight.

The view presented contains little or nothing of the wildness and grandeur of mountain scenery; but the charm of the spot consists in its historical associations, as the home of the once renowned Oneidas, whose name the valley bears; and as the location of the Oneida Community. Let us gaze upon the scene again, evoking the spirit of the past to restore it to the condition in which it was a century ago, when the foot of the white man had seldom or never pressed the virgin soil.

Our thriving towns, extended fields and broad highways have vanished; and now once more the red man rears his fragile wigwam by the stream and plants his patch of maize, or steals through the dense forest on the hill-side in pursuit of the deer, the bear, and the panther. Here the Oneidas first existed as a nation and nursed the pride and ambition that impelled them forward to conquest; here they held their councils, and learned the wisdom and eloquence that made them first in the national parliament of the Iroquois confederacy: in a word, here they lived, toiled and suffered, struggling for undying fame; and here they died, were buried, and forgotten. Even the spot of their last resting-place remains unmarked; and in digging the foundations of our work-shops and dwellings, or preparing our highways, we disturb the bones of once distinguished warriors without

pausing to ask their story, which none are able to relate.

A few sad remnants of this once vigorous race still linger in this vicinity, though about forty years ago most of the tribe left the homes of their childhood, abandoning the bones of their ancestors to the mercy of the stranger. Those that remain are fast forgetting the fame of their forefathers. They are a good-natured, quiet people. It is gratifying to record that very friendly relations have always existed between them and the Oneida Community, and various acts of good-will, including interchange of musical courtesies, might be mentioned. They pick berries for us in summer, and carry on quite a trade at our store and kitchen. The Community domain, situated on their last reservation, in part was never cursed by private ownership, as it passed from the tribe to the State, and thence to us. The Oneidas see their old home improved, beautified and made the abode of unity and brotherly love, with pleasure rather than envy. In fact, they seem to be proud that the Community bears their name, and disposed to give us ample credit for doing it honor.

The intention is to sketch the history of this people whose home and name we have inherited; not for those well read in Indian history, who might find the information meager, but for such of our readers as would be glad to know something more on the subject than can be learned from the popular histories of the United States. As a nation, the Oneidas have passed away, leaving little to help the historical student; and the reports of travelers, missionaries, traders and government officials give but partial statements of their career, system of government, and social and religious views. Unfortunately the manuscripts of the Dutch fur companies, which may have contained valuable information respecting the Iroquois, were some years since sold for waste paper, and forever lost to history. I have not had access to all the valuable works on the subject, but have gleaned what seemed of interest from those within reach, and from conversation with some of the most intelligent Indians of this vicinity, and the head chief at Green Bay. Mr. S. Newhouse, who has known the tribe well for nearly fifty years, and speaks their language to some extent, has furnished many interesting items confirming historical data. Up to the date of the American Revolution the history of the Oneidas is so closely interwoven and identified with that of the Iroquois league as to be inseparable from it; or at least any sketch of them would be very incomplete that did not attempt some description of that singular organization and the conquests it achieved. For the past century the history of the Oneidas may in great part be considered by itself.

### PERE HYACINTHE.

*New Haven, Thursday, Nov. 18, 1869.*

The good people of this town have been honored with a visit this week from the notable Pere Hyacinthe, of France. He arrived here on Monday in company with Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, of Williamsburg, and became the guest of Rev. Dr. Bacon, at whose house he was called upon by the clergymen of the city, college professors, and a number of prominent citizens. During his stay he visited Yale College, going

through its various buildings, attended morning prayers once, and also listened for a short time to one of Dr. Bacon's lectures to the divinity students. With all that he observed and heard he expressed himself as highly pleased, it being the first institution of the kind he had seen in this country. The impression, Pere Hyacinthe produced on the distinguished scholars and clergymen here was most favorable and flattering to himself. While somewhat reserved in giving expression to his religious views and ecclesiastical relations, his calm demeanor and general appearance showed him to be a man of power and noble parts. On Wednesday he went up to Norfolk, a small village in Litchfield Co., in this State, at the invitation of Rev. Dr. Eldridge, of that place, to enjoy a genuine New-England Thanksgiving dinner. The Pere seemed delighted at this extension of hospitality, and has, ere this, been fully initiated into the mysteries of roast turkey, shoulders of ham, pork, vegetables—all that earth produces—and the wonderful array of pies which no other occasion draws out of ovens. From Norfolk he will proceed to Boston with Rev. Mr. Bacon, who accompanies him as interpreter.

—N. Y. Times.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1869.

### DAILY RELIGION.

WHEN men are really in earnest in religion, they make it a *daily* business. When they want only religion enough to barely save their souls, they make it a *Sunday* business, and offer their *daily* sacrifices on the altars of mammon. The secret principle which was at work in the great revivals of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches about forty years ago, was a fervor and sincerity of religious interest which broke the bounds of Sunday ceremonies and "stated preaching," and took possession of "secular" time. In the face of all the prescriptive rights of business for the body, the revivalists took the liberty to use week-days for the business of the soul. They first ventured on "four days' meetings," once in a year. Then they extended their encroachments, adding day after day to the length of their meetings, and shortening the intervals between them. The idea grew, till meetings were "protracted" to two, three, and even four weeks, and secular time was in danger of being lost in a perpetual Sabbath.

As the affairs of the world were then, and are still, organized, this process could not be carried through, and was liable, in its ineffectual struggle with the fast-seated powers of mammonism and Sunday-religion, to various disasters and disorders. It came to its end, like some political revolutions, by treachery within responding to overwhelming power without. Nevertheless, THE CAUSE—THE IDEA—of the paramount rights of the soul and of the feasibility of *daily* religion, was just, and has not perished, but is sure to rise again in triumphant power. Our American churches never before attained so near an approach to the Millennium, as they did at that period of protracted meetings, and they never will again till they find a way to organize and give scope to that sort of religious earnestness which claims for God and the soul week-days as well as Sundays, and daily trumpet-calls from the lecture-room and the press, as well as "stated preaching."

### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

#### ONEIDA.

—The following is an extract from a business letter we received last week:

*Oneida Community, Gentlemen:* We succeeded in getting the Midland R. R. Co., to take your fifty barrels of flour this A. M., and if nothing happens they will be at your place with it, some time to-morrow; and we promised them that you would be on hand and unload it, promptly, as the train will only halt at your place a short time. It will not take ten

minutes to unload the flour. This is the first shipment of flour from here by this route.

Respectfully yours,

JENKINS & DOOLITTLE.

—The O. C. cannot boast a skating rink, but the W. P. pond needs only to have a roof thrown over it, to make one unsurpassed. It presents a surface so glassy and polished as to be very enticing to all who "push the groove," and enjoy the poetry of motion.

—One of our agents recently traveling in Vermont, fell in with a trapper, who told him that in one month last year he caught 103 foxes in Newhouse's steel-traps. He set thirty of these traps between Oct. 10, and Nov. 13, 1868, and caught the above number of foxes, and secured ninety-eight of them.

—Our houses are supposed to front, first on the east and then on the south, but the Midland takes us on the west, and forces upon us another front. A stranger getting off at our Depot one night, knocked at the west door, and apologized as he was sent around, saying he took it for the front entrance. As things are we cannot have any back door, and so much the better for the order of the domain.

—Winter is upon us in full panoply, and the frost king would fain propitiate us, it would seem, for his early advent, by a most magic display of his delicate art, on tree, shrub and fence, transforming the sombre landscape by the aid of the sun into a realm so glitteringly resplendent as to rival the famous Palace of Aladdin. These bewitching arts are not lost on us, but they do not beguile us into indifference to furs and firesides, or make us forget the stern rigors of the old king when fairly unmasked.

—The "Midland" is formally opened to-day, Nov. 25., from Oswego to Norwich, a distance of about one hundred miles, and the time-table promises two passenger trains and a freight train each way daily. Our coal which the Canal delivers at Durhamville, six miles distant, can now be transferred to cars from the canal dock, and brought to our door. When this railroad makes its connection with the Albany and Susquehanna R. R. at Sidney Plains, which will be accomplished in a short time, we shall get coal all the way by rail, directly from the Pennsylvania mines.

—Outside of the Community the great sensation in this region continues to be the "Cardiff Giant." The scientists are becoming skeptical as to its great antiquity, and Prof. Boynton thinks, as the result of some experiments he has made in testing the action of water on gypsum, that it is of quite recent origin. But it proves to be more than a "nine day's wonder," and the Syracuse papers report that thousands daily flock to view it. Our own folks, too, if called to the city on business, improve the opportunity "to this mystery explore" for an hour or more, and leave with unabated interest in it. While L. F. D. was there, an old lady about eighty years of age called, and after going round and round the giant, scrutinizing it intently, at last broke out to the man in attendance:

"Where's his wife? He must have had a wife. Why don't you dig up his wife?"

"Why, my dear madam," replied the showman, "that is just what we are doing. We are digging the whole farm over and expect to find her in a short time!"

But after all the excitement, discussion, speculations, &c., &c., one sees and hears at home and abroad, the journalist is tempted to exclaim—

"What is it all, when all is done?"

A "whopping statue" made of stone!

—The 26th of November is quite an anniversary in the annals of the Community. On this day, twenty-two years ago, commenced the dispersion of the Putney Association, which was expelled from its natural home by the intolerance of the town. On the same day and year, Messrs. Bart, Ackley, Nash & Co., followers of the Putney band, came together here and commenced a Community on the same principles, expecting to constitute a branch. They did not know that they were preparing a place for the enlarged development of the original organization.

This day is also noticed in the O. C. as the birth-day of Mrs. Susan C. Hamilton, gone from us now, but always remembered as a beloved member. This year we hear from W. C., that the 26th will be marked by the printing of the last sheets of "American Socialisms."

*Evening Meeting.*—T.—I have had an earnest desire lately to keep the spirit uppermost and constantly in communication with God. I feel a new appreciation of the value and blessing of our meetings as a means of bringing us nearer to God, and have had a keener appetite for the nourishment that comes from sitting down in them and turning inward. I confess a desire to edify and to be edified in our meetings. If we can heartily enter into the spirit of them, they will become the salt of our life, and furnish the means by which we can keep our spiritual natures always new and healthy. We should bear constantly in mind that the Community is a spiritual body—a spiritual unit. Although we begun small here at Oneida in externals, and have spread out in many ways, buying lands, erecting buildings, establishing manufactures, etc., the real history of the Community for all this time is the history of our meetings, which have been held right through from the beginning—the meetings, and the spiritual experience which flows through all our every-day life from them. In the eyes of spiritual beings, probably this is the most interesting part of the Community history; and those in the Community whose spirits take the most active part in the condensation of life and unity that we get by coming together thus, are the ones that most truly live in the Community.

## HOME LETTERS.

### GONE TO CANADA.

Montreal, P. Q., Nov. 13, 1869.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—One of my earliest recollections—you know we are apt to have in something about our earliest recollections whenever we want to tell a story of some moment to ourselves and of very little moment to any one else—well, one of my earliest recollections is that of seeing a box of broken victuals which my father, then a young farmer in the north of Vermont had brought home from Montreal, whither he had gone to sell his pork and skimmed cheese. That was the last of our commerce with Canada, for about that time Lake Champlain was joined to the Hudson by a canal, and then Northern Vermont ceased to be a tributary of Canada, and began to swell the importance of New York and Boston. A little later came the stories of my grandfather who had gone to Montreal, winter after winter, standing on the rear of his sleigh which was made to project a little beyond the load; stories about the meddlesome custom-house officers; stories about a nine miles ride on the great frozen St. Lawrence; stories about the great stone city; stories about the little, stumpy, vivacious Frenchmen who were all silly Catholics and had forty fashions of their own, and who drove around in wretched carryalls that tore up the road until it was one succession of ridges and hollows which the natives called *cahots* or jolts, and which we pronounced *cahooses*.

All these things had the effect in after years to make me regard Canada as the most convenient land to which I could go to gratify my desire to see folks eat their bread and build their houses, do their business and act their politeness, think their thoughts, wear their clothes and say their say, all in a manner quite ineffable and foreign. To see England may have seemed good; to see Italy may have seemed better; to see Greece may have seemed best; and to see Palestine may have seemed the very best. But no; not one of these could I see until I had seen Montreal. Canada was the nearest foreign country, and must be seen first.

Perhaps the folks at Oneida do not realize how much they are gravitating towards Canada. Just pour a bucket of water into the creek which goes winding through your meadows and pastures, then throw in the pail after it and follow both down the noble Oswego to Lake Ontario, then across the lake



to the head of the St. Lawrence where it drains the great lakes through a thousand islands as through a filter, then down that great river, now shooting over rapids and now floating out into sea-like expanses, and you will come to Montreal as naturally as breath; a solid town standing on an island; wharves and shipping and river and the Victoria Bridge on one side; city-gardens and suburbs and oak-clad mountain on the other; city, river, and mountain and island, all in the midst of one dreary, solemn level extending eastward and westward as far as eye can reach, and southward to a few peaks which stand dim in the far-off horizon.

Montreal is a born trader who has set himself on a good corner. Commerce comes to it down the St. Lawrence from Upper Canada; down the Ottawa from British America; down the Sorelle from Lake Champlain and the States; and up the St. Lawrence from Great Britain and all the world. This in summer. But in winter Montreal is hermetically sealed in ice, and you plow through snow drifts to reach it by rail.

I did not come to Montreal by following any imaginary bucket as it floated and bobbed along the water courses. I came by rail from Plattsburg on Champlain. Everything about the train seems American until we reach Moore's Junction, a place on the Ogdensburg and Champlain road, where most of the passengers get out to go east or west. We start again with only one coach; there is a Canadian conductor aboard, several French people, and some men who I am sure are English. The car is cold; it rattles and thumps along in the darkness. At the next station a custom-house officer comes aboard; trunks, we are told, are to be looked for at the Montreal custom-house; satchels are opened and searched, and if containing nothing dutiable, are marked with a "C" and left with their owners. At this point I examine my heart to see if I can feel Canada. I perceive nothing but the idea that I am going to Montreal, the new and foreign. The cars again thump and rattle on; a look into the darkness reveals a level country. At Caughnawaga, an Indian village on the St. Lawrence, the passengers huddle into the cabin of a steamer which steams away at the north star. At Lachine we take the cars again and rattle over more flats until we come into the suburbs of Montreal. I am alert for anything new. The omnibus which takes us to a hotel on Victoria Square, is just an omnibus and nothing more. It is followed however, by a little pacing horse pulling a cab—a three-seated carriage with four small wheels and two buggy-tops.

In the first glare of gas-light, black-walnut, oak and upholstery, my landlord's face looked as broad as a dinner-plate, and his clerk's a deal broader. "Oh me! is this the British lion? and this his den? When did my folks stop being English, and become Yankees, thin in the cheek, long in the nose, light in the beard, and not rosy nor of any color in particular?" These were the questions that went through me like a flash. But in a day or two I learned that my host is an American, and that his clerks are French. I went to sleep that night feeling that Canada is a solid thing, and that those States over there, are a little noisy and pretentious. I could feel Canada then—it was Canadian thought fortified by old Britain.

While waiting the next morning, I busied myself in noting the sights on Victoria Square. There are cabs ambling hither and thither; and one-horse carriages carrying master and man who sits in livery on a low seat behind, and, on being left with the horse, clambers into the high seat to drive home; two men bearing maces before a hearse that is followed by a procession on foot; there are little Frenchmen with little carts and horses, hauling in loads of hay, wood and straw; there is a drayman carrying off barrels on his dray—a vehicle consisting of two sixteen-foot poles balanced on a pair of wheels and attached to the shafts by hinged-joints; there are soldiers in very short black coats, and small black caps with throat-latch under their noses, all bearing small swords and canes; there is a richly clad gentleman riding in his carry-all about a foot from the

ground; there are numerous young men—clerks and junior partners perhaps—all looking healthy and satisfied, and carrying canes, which makes them look feeble in the street and coarse in the house.

In color Montreal is gray; in substance it is stony. Smooth stones, rough stones and elaborately cut stones everywhere. Stones in aristocratic Sherbrooke, stones in pious Notre Dame; stones in narrow St. Paul; stones in narrower St. Peter; and stones in narrowest St. Sacrament and St. Eloi. Gray stone mansions; gray stone stores; gray stone banks; gray stone colleges; gray stone markets; gray stone churches; gray stone cathedrals; gray stone river-walls, far stretching and solid; gray stones above you and below you; to the right of you and to the left of you; before you and behind you; gray stones every-where. Some body has been industrious, patient and opulent, to spend so much life on cut-stone.

My opportunities for sight seeing have been limited by the demands of business. I have, however, taken a walk on Sherbrooke street—a fine avenue extending along the slope of the mountain and overlooking city and river. A short turn along the St. Lawrence showed me the exterior of the Royal Insurance building, the great Bonsecours market, and that extraordinary river-wall and iron railing which extends along the water for a mile or more, and communicates with the wharves below by means of numerous inclined planes, up which the chirpy French carters urge their horses with loud cries and a lift at the wheel. Business of course took me to the Place d'Arms, a small square, facing which are the bank-buildings and French cathedral; and a little deviation also took me to the Champ de Mars, where stand the Nelson Monument, two pieces of heavy ordnance, and the new Court House—a building three hundred feet long and Greek in style.

I think a traveler leaving his hotel for the first time and plunging into the busiest streets of Montreal will experience a kind of hush, a sort of Sunday stillness, as if in a church. I do not know but this mediæval stillness comes from the names of the streets—Notre Dame, St. Pierre, St. Paul and St. Sacrament—which look down upon you from all the corners. And I should here remark that there are no less than seventy-five streets with saintly names. Maybe the French church which stands on the best street in the city and has a sort of religion constantly acting within its walls, rules the spiritual atmosphere like an odor of musk. This cathedral is lofty, and large—perhaps the largest on the continent—and capable of seating fifteen thousand worshippers. This is the most you can say of it. It disappoints one. It is plain without having the charm of simplicity; it is immense but not imposing. The architect must have had a sterile imagination, for the means at his disposal would seem to have been sufficient to build something as exuberant and pleasing as the English Cathedral. It belongs, I judge, to the old Montreal, which was plain and severe in its stone solidity. The Seminary that stands near by is a specimen of the old. It is rough; rambling, fortress-like and piquant. The new Montreal is very much disposed to be ornamental and classic.

One morning, when waiting for a cashier to come into his office, I went round to the Cathedral, darted through the iron-gateway, up the stone steps, into the pillared arcade, and into the high vaulted interior. It was not dazzling then. There were two females kneeling in the broad aisle far down towards the altar and crucifix. I afterwards saw them sitting on a bench and talking like two gossips. There was a small boy seated before a picture of the Virgin which he was contemplating, when not engaged in staring about him. Several French workmen came in soon, and after crossing themselves at the fonts, made a genuflection to the Christ, then went into some of the nearest pews to offer a silent prayer. I observed one who retreated to a kneeling place near the door. Before I had seen half of these the keeper had pointed at my irreverent cap. I doffed it, and he invited me to see all I could. The worshippers seemed a little gloomy on going out. Their prayers ought to have made them cheery and strong, and

ready for loading a cart or beating a mortice. I did not feel any impulse to scoff at those men for leaving their work to feel after God in that fashion. I felt a kind of respect for their act. Yours truly, C. T.

#### IN A COAL COUNTRY.

Easton, Penn., Nov. 1, 1869.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Having just passed through some of the most interesting portions of the Pennsylvania coal regions, I thought perhaps you might be interested in a brief allusion to the same. It was a beautiful November day, about one week ago, that I left Great Bend for Scranton. The great forests covering the broken mountains on both sides of the Lackawanna valley were arrayed in their most gorgeous colors. Three hours passed quickly, and at dark, we found ourselves nearing the enterprising town of Scranton. As we passed around the west side of the city we observed from the eastern mountain, frequent groups of lights, shining out of the dark forests like so many stars. These lights, I was told, come from the little hamlets where the miners have settled around the openings of their respective mines. They prefer living in this isolated way for the convenience of being near their work. They clear away the forests just sufficiently for their small houses; no land being required for tillage, as the miners do not know how to do any work but mining, and cannot be induced to learn. They work down in the mine six hours, and get out about seven diamond car loads per day, for which they receive \$1.20 per load, or ton. The miner and his operator divide this amount between them; the miner having two-thirds, and furnishing the material for blasting. The operator gets the other third for his labor. This price is 30 cts. per ton better than they received before the great strike of last summer. With this advance, it is said, the miners are working contentedly, having given up their claim for a "basis," for which they held out so long.

Scranton lies near the center of this great coal region, and owes much of its prosperity and rapid growth to this fact. Railways from all directions center here and carry away the immense products of coal and iron to the various markets. Two of these roads run in the same direction and nearly parallel through Pittston into the Wyoming Valley, crossing the mountains at Wilkesbarre into the Lehigh Valley. The collieries are very numerous all along this valley, and small towns are springing up every few miles.

In passing from Wilkesbarre into the Lehigh Valley a mountain 1,000 feet high has to be crossed. To overcome this grade the road takes a somewhat circuitous route of sixteen miles, getting about four miles from Wilkesbarre. For nine miles the grade is ninety-five feet to the mile. The view as you are passing up this mountain is very fine. A series of conical shaped hills covered with thick forests lie below you, while spreading out beyond as far as the eye can reach is the Valley of Wyoming.

After traveling for some time on what seemed to be the tops of the mountains, we passed down into the Lehigh Valley. This valley is much narrower and the mountains more precipitous than the Wyoming or Lackawanna. There is hardly any room for towns along the valley; but every available nook seems to be taken possession of to build some manufactory, or get in some dwelling-houses. At a place called Mauch Chunk, about seventy-five miles from Wilkesbarre, the mountains recede a little, and a very thriving town has been built. Coal is brought down from the top of the mountains here, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. It looks very singular indeed to see a train of black cars run right up a steep mountain without any visible power to propel them. You could almost imagine that there was a spirit in the wheels. But if you get close enough you will discover a wire rope which is steadily contracting its length by a power working at the top of the mountain.

The coal formed in this valley is said to be much harder and more compact, and therefore more valuable than that found in other parts of Pennsylvania. The means of communication out of this valley are abundant—two railroads, the Lehigh Valley and the

Lehigh & Susquehanna, and a canal running along the river. This canal, however, had been rendered impassable by the rubbish which had accumulated during the late freshet. In some places it was entirely filled with logs and debris from saw-mills. At Allentown, about twenty-five miles farther, the valley begins to open out into a wide and fertile plain.

Yours truly,

W. G. K.

#### CANNING CORN AND PEAS.

THE difficulty in successfully preserving corn and peas, according to our experience, is the lack of a sufficient degree of heat. The old process of cooking four or five hours in water, has proved, in many instances, to be unreliable. We have succeeded in overcoming this difficulty, and as we do not hold the new method as a secret, we propose, in response to frequent inquiries, to give a condensed statement of the process.

The corn is picked when it has arrived at the proper state of maturity, and husked as soon thereafter as may be. The ears are then placed in racks suitable for hoisting in and out of the vat, and cooked in pure water twenty minutes. They are then taken out, the corn cut from the cob, and filled into cans, which weigh when filled, one pound and eleven ounces. One dozen cans are then placed on a tray, and boiling hot syrup turned on, until the contents of the cans are covered; they are then immediately sealed air-tight. The hot syrup is poured on only as fast as the cans can be sealed; thus the air is excluded, and the can is not afterwards vented. The syrup used is made by adding one pound of salt and one of sugar to eight gallons of water.

When enough cans have been sealed for a bath, they are immersed in a solution of boiling chloride of calcium of sufficient density to give a temperature 240 deg. Fahr. The bath is previously prepared by dissolving the calcium in a kettle, three feet in diameter and eighteen inches in depth, until it is about half full. A coil, connected with a steam-boiler capable of producing at least forty-five pounds pressure per square inch, covers the entire bottom of the kettle. The cans, two tiers in depth, are placed in a rack made to fit the inside of the kettle. The sides of this rack are of band-iron and the bottom of wire open-work. The rack and its contents must be weighted down, as the density of the liquid would otherwise cause the cans to float. When all is ready the steam is let on, and the cans are subjected to a heat of 240 deg. Fahr. for the space of forty-five minutes. The process must be watched, and the boiling conducted moderately, or the liquid will be liable to boil over.

At the end of the specified time the rack is lifted out by means of a crane and tackle, the calcium rinsed off with a little hot water, and the cans more thoroughly cleansed afterwards. During the process of cooking, the bulb of the thermometer is thrust into the liquid once in fifteen minutes in order to ascertain the degree of heat. The evaporation, while boiling, condenses the fluid, and of course tends to increase its temperature, which if allowed to rise much above 240 deg. Fahr., would be liable to burn the corn. The temperature of the bath however, is easily kept at the proper point by adding, as often as necessary, the condensed steam that flows from the stop-cock.

In order to can peas, they should undergo a process similar to that described above, but with

this exception: they are only cooked from three to four minutes in water before they are put into cans. To do this, a tin vessel, capable of holding a bushel, and whose sides and bottom are perforated with small holes, is placed in a copper boiler, half full of boiling water; the peas are thrown into it and cooked the proper time. After this short cooking, the vessel is hoisted out, and the peas emptied into a large shallow tray lined with tin. They are then filled into cans, and treated in the same way as the corn.

In accordance with the above programme, we have proved by three years' experience that corn and peas may be preserved with as much certainty as any other vegetable.

A single kettle is sufficient to preserve one hundred cans per hour. Several kettles may be placed together in such a manner as to have one boiler and hoister serve for them all.

Kettles with coils may be purchased at Baltimore, Md., and chloride of calcium at Pittsburgh, Penn. A calcium bath once prepared will need but little addition during the season, and is good for use, year after year, as long as it lasts.

#### CAUTION.

In packing corn and peas, persons cannot be too particular in guarding against the liability of their becoming heated by lying in heaps after picking. They should also be used as fresh as circumstances will permit. Every article in the preserving-room used in handling corn and peas, should be thoroughly cleansed with boiling water at least twice a day.

H. T.

#### COMPETITION.

"EVERY man shall be rewarded according to his works." This is the ultimate rule of distribution and rewards, to which all interests must adjust themselves. It is the one rule of impartiality; putting every man on the basis of deeds, and excluding hypocrisy and deceit. Mere verbal representations, however voluble and plausible, will not suffice to win the reward. Let your works speak—let your deeds tell the story. All must finally accept this decree and expect to be rewarded accordingly.

This rule that rewards should be proportioned to deeds, will eventually purge competition of all personal ambition and strife: it will set every man to the task of accomplishing sincere, honest work. It is a rule that is recognized and enforced in proportion as we rise in the scale of civilization and refinement. The barbarian and savage win their rewards through the arts of intrigue and cunning—by personal prowess and deeds of valor; and the rule that "might is right" and shall be rewarded accordingly, governs all in the lower spheres of development. But the rule that "every man shall be rewarded according to his works," gains recognition and acceptance as civilization advances. Trade and commerce are compelled to bow to it, and adjust themselves in accordance with it. It is frankly acknowledged that the great point of competition in the commercial and business world should be, and to some extent is, not how to produce the cheapest goods and get the lowest prices, but how to attain the highest excellence. Quality is more and more the criterion of judgment and the basis of successful competition. "Shoddy" is at a discount. "The best is good enough," is not an unmeaning phrase, but expresses the popular taste.

The fact that rewards shall be balanced by deeds, has the effect to greatly simplify the business of life, and the conditions of trade. It sets man on a course of improvement, and animates him with the desire to perfect the quality of his productions. He need not concern himself about a market for the sale of his products; his products will create a market for themselves if he devotes himself with a single eye to in-

surging their quality. In pursuing this course, he rises above all petty strife and competition with his fellows, and finds that the "bounty" is awarded to faithful, sincere endeavor, and that whoever has the purpose to excel "by patient continuance in well doing" will gain the prize.

The above is not mere theory, it has been verified by much experience in the O. C., until it has become a settled and governing policy in all its affairs, whether pecuniary or otherwise. We find that this rule respecting rewards has a universal application, and must govern us in our dealings with God as well as with man—"whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We find that it will also do away with proselyting—"by their fruits ye shall know them." If a man's work in religion, in social reconstruction, or anything else, has the ring of the true coin, he need not blow a trumpet before him; no noisy heralding of his achievements is required, but his light will shine with a clear and steady flame, and men will take knowledge of him that he is building on a sure foundation.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

FUCHSIAS in San Francisco grow up the houses and on frames like honeysuckles. Geraniums grow into little trees like lilacs, and the leaves cannot be seen, the flowers being so large and numerous.

RECENT statistics establish the fact that the average height of full-grown American citizens, is 68.525 inches, or 5 ft. 8½ inches. The statistics were collected by the U. S. Sanitary Commission, which made inquiries in regard to soldiers from twenty-two States, and the tables presented give the average height of 100 men selected at random from each of these States. The greatest height, as shown by these tables, is reached by the inhabitants of Georgia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio; and the least by the citizens of New Jersey, Delaware and New York.

WHILE some of the workmen employed in a pit situated at the east end of Clark street, Airdrie, Scotland, were working in a seam of gas coal, called the Tongue seam, they turned out a frog which had been embedded in the coal. They had just fired a shot, and out of the debris issued a pretty golden-colored frog, dead, to be sure; but the body was warm and fresh, as though life had been newly extinct. The seam was 60 fathoms deep, and had been previously worked as an ironstone pit at a less depth. There was, however, 50 fathoms penetrated before either of these seams were reached. The frog was 6 inches long by 4 inches broad. The miners cut up the body, and discovered gas coal, in a paste state, in the stomach. Supposing the frog firmly imbedded in the coal, how would the poor batrachian's jaws find room to perform the duties of mastication, even supposing it had got successfully located inside an unctuous seam of gas coal? Or are we to suppose that it imbibed the coal paste through the pores of the skin?

—Scientific American.

ALL over the Malay Archipelago are found trees which appear to have begun growing in mid-air, and, from the same point, send out wide-spreading branches above, and a complicated pyramid of roots descending, for seventy or eighty feet, to the ground below. I believe they originate as parasites from seeds carried by birds and dropped in the fork of some lofty tree. Hence descend aerial roots, clasping and ultimately destroying the supporting tree, which is in time entirely replaced by the humble plant which was at first dependent upon it. Thus we have an actual struggle for life in the vegetable kingdom not less fatal to the vanquished than the struggles among animals, which we can so much more easily observe and understand. The advantage of quicker access to light and warmth and air, which is gained in one way by climbing plants, is thus obtained by a forest-tree, which has the means of starting in life at an elevation which others can only attain after many years of growth, and then only when the fall of some other tree has made room for them.—Alfred Russell Wallace.

To give some idea as to how a fault in a subma-

rine cable is detected, we may, for this purpose only, compare the cable to a long pipe, sealed up at one end, into which water is being forced. As long as the pipe remains perfect, only a certain amount of water can be put into it, according to its capacity, and once filled, there is no flow of water; but if, when the pipe is full, a small hole be made in it, the water will of course rush out at once, indicating the existence of the hole by causing a fresh flow of water into the pipe. Now, the cable is always kept charged with electricity up to its full capacity—or in other words, till it can take no more—and as long as it remains perfect there is practically no current flowing from the battery into it; but immediately on the development of a fault, or communication between the conductor of the cable and the earth, a portion of the charge escaping through the fault causes a fresh supply of electricity to flow from the battery. By having a delicate instrument fixed between the battery and the cable, this increased flow is at once made apparent.

—*American Exchange and Review.*

It is announced that England alone consumes every year, at least two thousand tons of beeswax, valued at \$3,100,000. With gold at 131, the best bright pressed yellow American beeswax is now selling in England at from 45 to 51 cents a pound. Wax candles are used extensively in the royal palaces of Europe, and in one palace alone it is stated that ten thousand wax candles are burned every night. The method of lighting this large number of candles instantaneously, is to connect the wicks by an inflammable and scented thread of gun cotton. On touching the end of the thread with a torch, the flame flashes like lightning round the connected candles, an agreeable odor is emitted, and the apartments are illuminated and perfumed as if by magic.

—*Scientific American.*

#### NEWS FROM THE PANTARCHY.

[From the New York Times.]

A small audience gathered at Plimpton Hall last evening to listen to an address by Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, on the subject of Reform. In the course of his remarks the gentleman made use of the following language, which may be understood if it may:

"The Pantarchy is a society, already some years in existence germinally, whose special sphere of operations it is to plan and effect the practical unity of all other religious, political and social institutions and movements throughout the whole world, and so to found the future planetary nation, or the United States of the world. The leading officer of the Pantarchy is necessarily self-elected, or a volunteer, as there is as yet no working constituency of the new nation, except the small body of adherents which the self-constituted chief may be fortunate enough to draw to his immediate standard for the purpose of fostering and forwarding the ulterior idea. The instrumentality relied on to effect the result aimed at is the new science of universology, by which it is believed that it will, for the first time, become practicable to reconcile and render coöperative all the different parties, sects and minor nationalities of the world in one grand and beneficent nationality. To effect this grand reconciliation is the special function assumed by the Pantarchy, which should, therefore, furnish the scientific law of organization to all the divisions, or segments, of the grand army of human progression. In other words, it is the object of the Pantarchy to bring about, by scientific adjustments, a general unity and coöperation ultimately among all the several portions of mankind, but especially and immediately among the different organizations and combined movements which now exist confusedly among reformers themselves, whose main object—the amelioration of the condition of humanity—is confessedly the same. The method proposed is not that of dissolving or hindering any of those special movements, but that of combining them in a grand army of reform, of which the special movements will be recognized, and coöperative divisions or sections, each covering the ground of their own speciality. First, an army of moral and intellectual conquest, it is believed that this immense body of reformers, if they can exhibit the competency merely to organize themselves, may rise almost immediately into the all-powerful and recognized spiritual government of the world. The Pantarchy is, therefore, a new speciality among reformers, which speciality is the generality or universality in question. It will endeavor through universal science, specialized as the science of organization, and through integralism or all-sidedness, as a philosophy, to educe a central

and organic unity out of the infinite and divergent variety of the grand progressive movements of this age.

#### THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

##### SELFISH LOVE.

Lovers may be divided into two general classes:

The first class—if there be enough of such to make a class—are those who love not for their own sake but for the sake of those whom they love. The affection of such is based on their love of God, and flows out thence.

A lover who is inspired by such a pure affection wants to marry her whom he loves, not for his own selfish gratification, but that he may shield her, and cherish her, and be a protector—a providence to her—and ensure her happiness at any cost and sacrifice to himself, and is satisfied to look to the fruits of his devotion for his own joy and his own reward.

The second class are those who love for their own sakes; whose affection is simply a phase of self-love, and which inspires them not with a desire to be a protector and a providence to the beloved one, and to make her happy at any cost to themselves, but whose passion simply excites in them a selfish and vehement longing for the possession of the object of their desire, at whatever cost to her.

Lovers who belong to this last named class sometimes get through life, or pretty well through it, without discovering the base quality of their affection; but, as a general thing, marriage works a disillusion, and a cat-and-dog life of more or less intensity follows, or divorce or abandonment disrupts the disenchanted pair, or a chilly domestic atmosphere of icy indifference wraps them round, until, in the providence of God, it gives place to the shroud.

Occasionally, an intensely selfish man marries a woman who so completely supplements his own self-love, and so uniformly plays into it and gratifies it, that he seldom experiences a domestic jar or discord. But such unions are exceptional among self-lovers. As a rule, domestic life is the nursery in which the evilly disposed child, Self-Love, is fated to receive, and does receive, a due proportion of its needed castigations.

In lovers, jealousy is the most common phase of the manifestations of self-love; and wherever the acrid blight of jealousy falls, confidence, and love, and happiness die, and the effluences of evil come flowing in with alacrity.

The occasions of jealousy would often be amusing were not the results too frequently so sad. Such trivial things give such stinging offense to those who love selfishly!

The forms and causes of jealousy and estrangement are legion. A look, a word, or the omission of a look or word; a smile vouchsafed to an acquaintance; the casual exchange of salutations with a friend; the accidental walk home from church with a rival; the forgetting of an appointment; the failure to send an instantaneous answer to a letter; the disapproval of a sweetheart's new bonnet, and myriad other trifles and nonsensicalities lie in wait for lovers, and have power to bring them to corroding grief.

Well might Moore, the poet of self-loving lovers, exclaim:

"Oh, how slight a cause can move  
Dissension betwixt hearts that love—"

that is to say, betwixt the hearts of those who love for their own sake, and not for each other's sake.

The point on which a quarreling lover is most apt to stick fast is his dignity. "I am willing to do anything for a reconciliation which is consistent with my dignity," he says. His "dignity!" the miserable little emetic! Let him get down on his knees, and in perfect sincerity of soul repeat the Lord's Prayer, and then read the Sermon on the Mount, and then go and act in the spirit of that, and see what will become of his dignity, and of his quarrel also.

And this brings us to the declaration that all pure love is a matter of pure religion. There can be no true, enduring love outside of religion—that is to say, which is not based on love of God. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel;" yea, and their love is a baleful passion, which in the nature of things must carry within its heart's core the elements of its own destruction, because in its very essence and inception it is opposed to God's will.

Some readers are by this time probably ready to exclaim: "If what you say is true, then there is no such thing as downright pure love in the world!"

Well, be it so, then. The chances are that there is not much "downright pure love" in the world.

They who belong to that unfortunate class who insist on looking at every truth through the distorting medium of self-love, will find it difficult, and perhaps impossible to take a philosophical view of the question under consideration; because, when a

general principle or truth seems to threaten their personal position or interests, or to condemn their own conduct, they do not want to understand it, nor to believe it, but at once begin to quarrel with it, and are pretty certain to end by rejecting it. Let the fact that the earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours be for the first time presented to one of these unfortunate slaves of self-love, and he would instinctively begin to consider how that theory was going to affect the value of his own garden patch, or otherwise operate on his personal interests or social position, before he would think of trying to ascertain whether or not it was a scientific truth.

For such people there is but little hope. For them, in an especial sense, "the mills of God grind slowly," and also "exceeding small."

To enforce this point still further, we will suggest that any one who begins to feel that the principles herein laid down condemn him or her, and that, therefore, they can't be true, should first look into the matter sufficiently to see if love of God must not lie at the foundation of everything pure and holy. And that point being acknowledged, then let the inquirer see if all the rest do not inevitably follow it.

To the girl who asks, "Do you mean to say that I don't love my betrothed with *real* love unless I would be willing that he should marry another woman, if such a marriage were essential to his happiness?" we answer, Yes, we do mean that, and without mitigation.

We put these matters thus abruptly and unqualifiedly for the purpose of at once bringing the general nose to the inexorable grindstone of eternal truth. And to all men and all women who wish to individualize these matters, and to ask, "Do you mean *me*?" we answer, Yes, we do mean *you*.

Those who wish to enjoy the blessedness of pure love, must first see and acknowledge that, in order to such enjoyment, their love must be without the least taint of selfishness, and must be based on and subordinated to the fundamental love of God. This being done, they can then begin to set the affections of their hearts in divine order, and, through the paramount love of God, work a purification of their lesser loves. This work will not be speedily perfected. It is, in fact, a life work. The love of self is an inveterate barbarian, and cannot easily be tamed. In truth, the main work of civilization, for thousands of years, has been the subjugation of this native savage of self-love that perpetually lurks in the wilderness of the human breast: nor has the Gospel of Christ, in a struggle of more than eighteen hundred years, been able to cast out this devil (whose name is legion) from the human heart.

It is doubtful if many, or even any, will accept the statement herein before made, that pure love, which is devoid of selfishness, looks solely to the happiness of the beloved one, and to secure that happiness would be willing to yield that beloved one to another. In fact, so rampant is selfishness in the human heart, that lovers often want not only to secure possession of the object of their passion while living, but want even in death to bind the survivor in allegiance to their memory. There are probably few lovers who could with equanimity contemplate the possibility of the survivor's marrying, in case of their death.

The suicides which are becoming so prevalent among disappointed lovers are among the highest and meanest manifestations of selfishness. He or she who commits suicide, on being "disappointed in love," thereby shows that his or her love was of an unusually base quality. Suicide also shows general weakness and incapacity, and an incompetency for true love either of God or man, or of woman.

The only help which can be extended to lovers in their quarrels and estrangements, and temptations to suicide, must come from their recognition and personal application of the principles under discussion; because every lover's quarrel, and every domestic disagreement originates in self-love—in an unwillingness to forbear with others as we would have others forbear with us. And the only road to pacification and happiness lies through the individual confidence of self-love and a Christian readiness to meet one another not only half way, but even all the way. And where persons love one another unselfishly there is no lack of such Christian readiness for self-sacrifice and pacification. The whole matter lies in this nut-shell. If one should write volumes on the subject he would have to come back at last to the Savior's declaration that the love of God and our neighbor is the sum of "all the law and the prophets."

—*Tackard's Monthly.*

"NINE, sir," observed a social scourge. "I can speak nine languages distinctly; but my father, when alive could speak no less than fifteen." "Ah!" remarked Douglas, Jerrold, "I knew a man who could speak five-and-twenty; and he never said anything worth hearing in any one of them."

## Giant and Dwarf.

As on through life's journey we go day by day,  
There are two whom we meet, at each turn of the way,  
To help or to hinder, to bless or to ban—  
And the names of these two are "I Can't" and "I Can."

"I Can't" is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny imp,  
His eyes are half blind, and his walk is a limp;  
He stumbles and falls, or lies writhing with fear,  
Though dangers are distant and succor is near.

"I Can" is a giant; unbending he stands;  
There is strength in his arms and skill in his hands;  
He asks for no favors; he wants but a share  
Where labor is honest and wages are fair.

"I Can't" is a sluggard, too lazy to work;  
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk;  
No bread on his board and no meal in his bag;  
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

"I Can" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,  
And digs from the earth all the wealth which it yields;  
The hum of his spindles begins with the light,  
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

"I Can't" is a coward, half fainting with fright;  
At the first thought of peril he slinks out of sight;  
Sneaks and hides till the noise of the battle is past,  
Or sells his best friends, and turns traitor at last.

"I Can" is a hero, the first in the field;  
Though others may falter, he never will yield;  
He makes the long marches, he deals the last blow,  
His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust,  
When, roused at the call of a cause that is just,  
He weds his strong will to the valor of youth,  
And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth!

Then up and be doing! the day is not long;  
Throw fear to the winds, be patient and strong!  
Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man,  
And, when duty calls, answer promptly, "I Can!"  
—Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE youngster, two and one-half years old, who had heard some complaint in the family about pegs in shoes hurting the feet, approached his mother the other day, with his fingers in his mouth, and said: "Mamma, me dot pegs tumming in my mouf, and dey hurt me." And sure enough the little fellow was cutting two or three nice teeth.

DEACON B., of Ohio, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in his family. One morning the deacon and his wife were alone, and, as was his usual custom after breakfast, a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day, the deacon's prayer was short. He seized his hat and milk-pail and started for the barn. His wife, being very deaf, did not notice his absence, but supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking, he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted, "Amen," when she immediately arose and went about her work as if nothing had happened.

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.—We have been presented by the author, Charles A. Wiley, of Fort Plain, N. Y., with a copy of the above named book. It is an attractive looking volume of 444 pages, 8vo. The first 60 pages only, are devoted to the author's definitions, rules, and directions in regard to the art of Oratory, the remaining 384 pages being taken up with numerous selections in prose and verse. The author claims that his "primary object in the preparation of this work, was to arrange in a single volume the principles of *vocal culture* and *style of delivery* now used by the best elocutionists of the day; and, at the same time, to present a work for reading and for practice, that would contain the choicest gems of both ancient and modern literature." The Prospectus sent with the work, contains such an array of recommendations from numerous papers and professional men, that it hardly seems necessary for the author to seek to swell the list. We can say of the book, however, that, aside from whatever merit there may be in the technical part, its various selections will, we think, make it acceptable to almost any library. We notice two poems in the book—"What the Sea said to me," and "Where God Appears,"—that were first printed in the CIRCULAR of 1866.

## ITEMS.

GOLD has been as low as 124½.

MR. BURLINGAME with the Chinese Embassy is in Berlin.

GENERAL DULCE, late Captain-General of Cuba, is dead.

THE Philippine and Sandwich Islands have been visited by severe earthquakes.

THE Duke of Genoa has one hundred and sixty-five deputies pledged to his support as candidate for the Spanish throne.

It is stated that the Fair to be held in St. Petersburg in 1870 is not intended to be general, but merely an exhibition of *Russian* products.

CHICAGO has a pneumatic dispatch in successful operation. The messages are sent through a brass tube, three inches in diameter and one hundred and thirty-five feet long.

THE National Woman Suffrage Convention at Cleveland, O., on the 24th inst. was largely attended. Henry Ward Beecher was elected President of the permanent organization, and a constitution was adopted.

PHILADELPHIA medical students, by insulting female students who were attending clinical lectures with them, have provoked much just criticism from the press. Sharp comments are made on the necessity of having privileges for a first-class medical education allowed to women.

STILL later information from Dr. Livingstone has been received. The Duke of Argyle has received a telegram from the Governor of Bombay, stating that he (the Governor) had received a letter from the great traveler, dated Ujiji, May 13, 1869. Dr. Livingstone was in good health, and was every-where well treated.

GOULD, Fisk and Lane, together with five other directors of the Erie Railroad, were last Wednesday restrained by an order from Judge Murray, of Delaware county, from doing further business for the company. The order was granted on complaint of Joseph H. Ramsey, who alleges that since the defendants obtained full power, the stock of the company has been increased from \$34,265,000 to \$70,000,000, and no benefit appears from the increase. On the other hand it is stated that Judge Barnard has issued an injunction in a suit of the Erie company against Ramsey and others, the effect of which will be to restrain Ramsey from prosecuting his suit.

THIRTY gun-boats, built and fitted out in New York for the Spanish Government, have been seized and detained by the United States authorities, ostensibly on a claim from the Peruvian Minister that they were to be used in making war upon Peru, with which the United States is at peace. It is probable, however, that the detention is more for the benefit of Cuba than Peru. It is thought that if the Spanish agents fail to get the fleet released before the meeting of Congress, it may then be too late, as Congress will be likely to take ground in favor of recognizing the belligerent rights of the Cuban Republic. In that case the President's proclamation acknowledging such rights would prevent the sailing of such vessels from American ports. Several Spanish war vessels have been ordered to rendezvous at New York, and President Grant has also ordered two or three gun-boats to the same place.

ONE of the most extraordinary passages ever undertaken and performed, has recently been accomplished by the steamer Helen Brooks. On the 5th day of August, 1869, the steamer Helen Brooks left Baltimore, Md. for Bayou Teche, La. She left Baltimore by way of the Chesapeake Bay, and passed through the State of Delaware by canal; up Delaware river to Trenton, N. J.; through the State of New Jersey by canal; down Raritan river to New York city; on Hudson river to Troy; through the State of New York by the Erie canal to Buffalo; thence by way of Lake Erie to Chicago; down through the Illinois canal to the Illinois river, and thence down the Mississippi river, arriving at Napoleon, Ark., on Thursday morning, October 14, after a circuitous journey of over 3,000 miles.

## Announcements:

## THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. *Number of members, 202. Land, 664 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.*

## WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles from O. C. *Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.*

## WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. *Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, Job Printing, and Manufacturing.*

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C., and branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system **COMPLEX MARRIAGE**, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

## ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

## STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rat, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

## WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, *Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.*

## MACHINE TWIST, RIBBONS &amp; SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, and Ribbons of our own manufacture (Willow-Place Works); also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

## MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
Wallingford, Conn.

## PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: The Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-house and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished at 40 cents each. Views, *cart de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price named. Address, *Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.*

## PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a sketch of its Founder, and an outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by B. Newhouse. Second edition; with New Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8 vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or *Self-control in Sexual Intercourse*. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail at \$1.75. The above works are for sale at this office.

MESSES. TAUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the Circular and orders for our publications.